

Department Store

Strict Integrity, Efficient Service, A Clean, Complete Stock, Small Profits and Quick Returns are the Watchwords at the

Loggers' Supplies and Equipments

Heavy Clothing, Boots and Shoes of Special Brands not obtainable elsewhere in town. Tools, Wire Cables, Machinery and Provisions in Wholesale and Retail quantities.

Steamboat Men, Gasoline Launches, Machinists, I have something for you that you can not afford to pass over. There's dollars in it for both of us, release from worry to you and infinite satisfaction. Anticipating your wants for the coming season, I have just received a large shipment of

KEYSTONE GREASE

Which is claimed to be the world's best lubricant. Keystone Grease is made up in various densities to cover all conditions except cylinder lubrication. I carry Nos. 1, 2 and 6. No. 6 is the only fluid grease on the market. It is designed to replace engine and general machinery oil, is also a substitute for spindle, valve and air compressor oils and oils for screw cutting purposes. No. 6 density surpasses the best lubricating oil for ring oiling and roller bearings, possesses greater ability to reduce friction than any other lubricant. Regardless of conditions it is capable of diminishing the temperature of the hottest bearing to the same degree as the room. One pound of No. 6 is guaranteed to accomplish the work of three to five gallons of lubricating oil. Write or call for particulars.

Farquhar Matheson

Successor to F. W. CARLYON
General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

Local and General

The Wrangell Drug Co.

There was a young man in Woonsocket, Had a watch and a chain and a locket; He went to the track, And when he got back, All he had was his hand in his pocket.

There once was a lady in Wooster, Was annoyed by the crow of a rooster; She chopped off his head Until he was dead, And now he don't crow like he used to be.

Mr. E. J. Gunther, a member of, and representing the Western Brokerage Co. of Seattle, has been in town for the past week, drumming up business for his house. This is a new concern, and they have started out in the proper manner to get the business. Watch for their ad. in our next issue.

T. C. McHugh came up last week from the Sound country, where he has been most of the winter looking after the interests of the several business concerns to which he is attached.

The February mail from Telegraph Creek arrived down last week, and are Hollenbass and Charley Ross met the carriers at Cottonwood Island. The return mail left Sunday.

Mr. Blackmer, the new lawyer at the mill, is evidently no new hand at the business, and the men who work on that floor have to hustle to keep even.

Harry Collins, the Juneau soap merchant, came down last week, and after spending a few days in the old town, returned to the Ramona.

After spending two months with his family in Wrangell, Lars Horgheim returned to the Jefferson to his work at the Niblack mines.

Rev. Thos. Jenkins of Ketchikan will have charge of the diocesan work in this section during the Bishop's tour of the northern interior.

Adj. Robt. Smith and family left on the Jefferson for their trip to the Sound.

The fire boys looked fine in their red shirts at the dance last Friday night.

Mrs. C. F. Stedman has been on the sick list during the past two weeks.

The gasoline launch Teddy came in last Thursday with west coast mail.

Sam Guyot has been interviewing our mer hants for several days.

The steamer City of Seattle will be on the run again next month.

A BUSY INSTITUTION

The sawmill whistle sounds very familiar, and if you want to see a busy institution, just take a walk down there any time during working hours. The crew of men are busy as bees, those who are not assisting in the operation of the mill getting things in readiness for the installation of the new machinery that is expected at any time.

A big new building to cover the new boiler has been erected just east of and adjoining the old boiler room. A room is being fitted up for the saw filer on the west side of the main floor. In this room will be kept all the grinding machinery, etc. Several important changes will also be made in the box factory.

Supt. Fred Willson informs a reporter that the mill will be pushed to its full capacity to fill orders for building lumber, shooks, etc., and a double shift of men may have to be put on before the end of the season.

The sidewalk site between Front St. and Stikine Avenue is still standing. But we have not seen the walk as yet.

Monday night an ice pack containing several hundred tons, came down from the mouth of the river, and after floating around the bay for several hours, went on its way toward the sea.

The Ramona came in Tuesday morning with a big mail and some freight from the south.

Two Douglas business men were telling tales of by-gone days. One said he knew a man who was working in the Treadwell mines who was so badly crippled he could hardly walk, all because he had corns that he had neglected to trim for twenty-five years. To test that story the other merchant told of a man who came in to buy a pair of shoes. The largest in the store appeared too small, and the salesman suggested that he take off his sock and try a dry pair. The customer started taking off sock after sock, three and then the fourth pair, after which he found still another pair which were stuck so fast to his feet he had to shave them off with his pocket knife. No one tried to beat the latter story.—News.

Word was brought by last mail that Frank Snyder is dangerously ill with pneumonia at Ely, Nev., and Tom Warren, his brother-in-law, has gone to bring him to McMinnville, Oregon.

SENTINEL job office is still in line and turning out the nearest job work to be found in Southeastern Alaska.

DANIEL BOONE'S PROWESS

The following story was recently told to us by an old acquaintance of the famous frontiersman:

Old Daniel Boone, he killed a coon And forty-five wild geese; 'Tis said of him, he split the limb Where they all sat in peace. The rest did all we and catch their toes, And held them fast and snug, While in a line, upon a pine, The coon received the slug.

He fired again, and out in twain The branch, close to the tree; The creek, beneath, the branch received, And after it plunged he.

When he came out, his breeches, stout, Five hundred trout contained, Which weighed at least two pounds apiece, And there they all remained.

But stout and staunch, he took the branch And laid it on his back, And home he walked, by nothing balked, As fast as he could slack. As I am told, old Bruin, bold, Did meet him on the road; But him Dan shot dead on the spot And added to his load.

The time of day (I've heard him say) Was four o'clock or near, And miles nineteen there lay between Him and his cottage dear. The way was steep, the snow was deep, And brush and logs not few; But such his powers that in two hours His labors all were through.

When home he came, the good old Dame Soon feathered all the geese; The fish and coon were dressed as soon, And Bruin not the least. Old Mother Boone then took the coon And ninety pounds of fish, Likewise a score of geese, or more, And laid them on a dish.

Potatoes, too, (and not a few) Were added to the mess, She chopped them fine, then added brine, And seasoned all with dress. He then, with care, they took the bear, And crammed him full of it, Before the blaze they Bruin raised And put him on a spit.

One of them stood and piled on wood, One turned him 'round to roast How fine he looked, completely cooked, I've often heard them boast. And then, with haste, they Bruin placed Upon a table near, And soon began, the good old man, To carve upon the rear.

A huge claymore, as Wallace bore, His dextrous right hand grasped; A pitchfork, too, which pierced him thro', In further hand he clasped. He cut and cleft from right to left, To each he gave a quarter; His wife and son, they each took one, The rest, himself and daughter.

When this was done they all began With healthy appetite, No word was said, nor shook a head, Till all was out of sight. 'Twould do you good, I know it would, To see them eat and stuff. The bones were cleared, the table gleamed, And then all cried "Enough!"

A FINE OUTLOOK

Signs of the Times Point to a Prosperous Season in This Immediate Vicinity

That the coming season is to be a fine one and a record-breaker for this section is evidenced by the additions and improvements to various canneries and other industries adjacent to town.

Capt. Farrer, who came up from the Sound last week informed a reporter that the Alaska Packers' cannery at this place is to be greatly enlarged. Six lines of machinery are to be used, increasing the capacity of the cannery to 200,000 cases for the season. New piling will have to be driven, new buildings erected, and other improvements made. The cannery ship will be up in March, bringing material and machinery for some of the work. The steamers Kayak and Chilkat will be added to the fleet for transporting fish from the fishing grounds to the cannery, and a steam boat about the size of the Farallon will carry the canned fish below, making regular trips during the season. These changes will make the Wrangell cannery the largest in Alaska, having double the capacity of the Loring cannery.

Manager Swartz of the cannery at Lake Bay was in town a day or two during the week, having just come up from Portland to put that cannery into condition for the season just opening. The cannery is to be increased to double its former capacity, and Mr. Swartz has a crew of men at work erecting the necessary buildings, and otherwise preparing for the enlargement of the plant.

Rumor has it that the cannery at Santa Ana is also to be doubled in capacity, but this report is as yet unauthenticated. However, we sincerely trust it may be true.

Every citizen of Wrangell has been hoping for the opening for work of the Basin mining claims, and there is now a probability of having the hope realized. Mr. Hettell, who was here early in the winter, will be here as soon as these claims can be reached, and if he can come to any agreement with the locators will go right to work building a road to the properties.

These improvements and additions to the various canneries mean a great deal to Wrangell in more ways than one. In the first place, the new buildings will necessitate the use of thousands of feet of lumber, which the Wrangell sawmill will be called upon to furnish. The mill will also be taxed to its night-and-day capacity to furnish the additional boxes necessary for packing this season's product of this and other canneries.

Second, there will be a demand for carpenters and other tradesmen in putting up the new buildings, installing the new machinery, etc.

Third, there will be no reason why there should be any idle fishermen here this season. Every man, woman and child who knows how to fish may be sure of finding ready sale for their fish.

Lastly, (but not least) Wrangell being the base for these canneries, will no doubt be called upon to furnish many of the necessities incidental to the operation of the canneries. This will also be a big help to the town. Surely everybody in Wrangell should start into next winter with a "bunch of coin."

Logan Havird and "Little Nick" came in Saturday last from Etolin Island, where they have been trapping for the past month or two. They have been enduring some trying experiences. At the time of the first thaw several weeks ago, a southeast gale threw their boat onto the rocks and demolished it beyond all repair. The two men then kept a vain lookout for a passing boat, putting in the time meanwhile making a dugout from a tree thrown across some drift on the beach. This craft was almost completed when a high tide and higher wind crushed it also. Mr. Smith then happened along and put the two hapless trappers to the camp of Geo. Card, from whom they borrowed a boat and came to town. Notwithstanding all their bad luck, they caught a fine lot of furs, and are entirely satisfied.

Wrangell has a real live song writer. During the past winter, while other fellows were "hamming" around, Prof. Geo. H. Edson, the well-known violinist and dancing master, was improving his leisure hours writing song poems. He has sent the words to music publishing houses in the east, and recently received two complete copies of music in which his poems were used. We did not learn the titles, nor have we heard the music, but they are pronounced O.K. by several parties who have seen them.

Merrill & Campen are down at Anita Bay, getting their shingle mill ready for transportation to Wrangell. The buildings will be torn down and re-erected at this place, and it will not require much time to get to running.

THE CITY STORE

Donald Sinclair, Proprietor

We Sell the Dougherty Fittman Shoe Co.'s

SHOES

The BEST of the Good Ones



Ladies' Shoes
Gent's
Boys'
Misses'
Children's

We have just received a shipment of the complete stock that ever arrived in Wrangell. Logging Shoes, Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, School Shoes.

"Under One Roof, Everything to Furnish a House Complete."

BOOTS AND SHOES

HAMILTON-BROWN: Faith, Security, Easy Walker, American Gentleman, American Lady.

DOUGHERTY-FBTHIAN: Lincoln, Cavalier, Polar, Blizzard.

B. & P.: Korrek Shape.

Kingsbury and Stetson Hats

SELL ON THEIR MERITS

We Carry a Complete Line in Quilts, Blankets, Shirts and Skirts.

St. Michael Trading Company

Sole Agents for Chase & Sanborn Coffee and Hercules Powder

VERY ROTTEN SERVICE

West Coast Mail Service Badly Needs Improvement

The people on the west coast of Prince of Wales Island are becoming very tired of the class of mail service, and justly so. The mail contract provides that for six months of the year—the spring and summer months—the mail shall leave Wrangell for coast points every Monday morning, and during the remaining six months, the first and fifteenth days of each month. The parties who have the contract pay no more attention to its provisions than if they had not given cash to fulfill it, riding over the contract with impunity. If they see fit to make a trip on the days specified, the trip is made; but if it does not suit their convenience, they wait until such a time as it does suit them.

One reason for this is that no attention is given to that clause of the contract which provides that these mails shall be carried in a steam vessel. The only steamers that are seaworthy enough to make this run at any time are not available, because their owners can make more money putting them to some other use. So, for a few weeks after the contract is let the mail goes in a steamer (for a bluff) and then it is saddled off onto any old tub or gasoline boat which can be secured.

What the people out on the west coast want, what is their right, and what they should have, is the mail contract lived up to. Ketchikan and Wrangell both have interests at stake in this matter, and it is the plain duty of the chambers of commerce of the two towns to act in conjunction and "set up a howl" that will cause a revolution in regard to this mail carrying.

This howl should not be made to the parties holding the contract, but made in the form of a petition to the postal authorities. West coast people would sign it, to a man, and the authorities could not turn it down. If the holder of the contract can not carry out its provisions, let him throw it up to someone who can. Let's get busy, and ascertain if something can not be done to remedy existing conditions.

A. T. Bennett, who has acted in various capacities at the Wrangell sawmill in years past, went through on the Cottage City last week to take charge of the sawmill at Petersburg. Mr. Bennett is a thorough gentleman, understands the sawmill business from Alpha to Omega, and the management of the Petersburg mill is to be congratulated upon having secured his services.

We have this week sent out subscription statements to the aggregate amount of several hundred dollars. There are a number of Wrangell citizens who are in arrears from one to four years. Those who are delinquent know it, and will confer a great favor by calling and paying up. A newspaper man must have money to buy the necessities of life just the same as anybody else.

The firemen's ball, given at Red Men's Hall last Friday night, was well attended and highly enjoyed by all present. Everybody danced to their hearts' content, had all they wanted to eat, the fire company made a nice "clean up" and are grateful to all who contributed toward the success of the affair.

The report is current that a spa will be opened up in Wrangell soon. There will be pool, billiard and solo tables, cigars and tobaccos, soft drinks and a full line of confectionery. Let 'em come; the more, the merrier.

This office has just received a lot of price lists on furs from H. A. Schoenen, Chicago, which will be given to any trapper who will ask for one. The quotations are for February.

Mrs. Joseph Fleury came up from the Sound last week to join her husband, who is saw filer at the mill. They have gone to keeping house in Mrs. Willson's big house near the mill.

A short time ago somebody borrowed a pair of oars and rowlocks from Jinks. He has forgotten to whom he loaned them and would like to have them returned to him.

The smiling countenance of Billy Orushaw, mine host from Coppermount, was seen on our streets several days during the week.

YOU CAN NOT LOOK WELL UNLESS YOUR CLOTHES FIT



WALTER C. WATERS
SALES AGENT
WRANGELL, ALASKA

SENTINEL, \$2.00

FROM TRAPPER TO CONSUMER

Is one GOOD REASON why we can pay MORE FOR RAW FURS than the average fur dealer.

We Manufacture Direct for the Retail Trade

Our Retail Fur Store is located at 183 Dearborn St., the center of Chicago's Finest Retail Business. Write for Price List when you are ready to ship.

H. A. SCHOENEN

Manufactures and Dealer of

RAW FURS

130-132 Michigan St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

We pay Special Prices for Fine Furs from Canada, Alaska and Northwest Territory

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

WRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Cuba wants new blood. It ought to be a few degrees cooler than the home brand.

The President's action concerning the Twenty-fifth Infantry has become a study in black and white.

Summerfield, Ohio, has a boy 15 years of age who weighs 488 pounds. He may be Secretary of War some day.

If, as Prof. Lowell says, the people of Mars are our superiors, we suppose it will be in order for us to look up to them.

Pretty hard on Count Boni being cut off from all those millions, with the cost of living higher than it has been for twenty years.

A wealthy Chicago girl is going to marry a baseball player. Bet he won't pinch her and stick her with pins, like a count or a duke.

Mrs. Russell Sage finds it difficult to give away \$80,000,000 so as to make it do the most good. Her husband would have found it impossible.

A Nebraska woman is seeking her third divorce from the same man. She is simply practicing what that "trial marriage" advocate is preaching.

"We have enough railroads now," declares E. H. Harriman. Mr. Harriman may have enough, but there are millions of us poor people in the country who don't own a single railroad.

The Buffalo Times tells of a boy who took several ounces of rough-on-rats without suffering any evil effects; but it appears that he worked in a drug store and took it to a customer.

New York's board of education has put itself on record in opposition to the new kind of spelling. This fact will cause Brander Matthews to recall the old proverb concerning the prophet in his own country.

If they can be discovered the men who made a drunken man in New York sleep with a pig are to be punished. But will the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals take no action in behalf of the other pig?

According to President Roosevelt, a 80-cent lunch in a Panama restaurant is good enough for anybody. It is just possible, though, that the lunch set before President didn't look as much like 80 cents as the one served to the average patron.

"Story hour" is a new feature of library work among children which has had marked success at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Children come to the building at stated times and listen to stories told by a skilled narrator. In Boston the centennial of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen was celebrated last year by a gathering of a large and interested audience of children at the Public Library, to whom a lady told Andersen stories. It is an expedient for providing wholesome entertainment for children which might well be adopted by all cities and large towns.

Iceland is now connected with Europe by cable, and the King of Denmark is in direct communication with his subjects on the northern isle. Cables are built so fast that it is difficult to keep track of them. There are about two hundred and fifty thousand miles of metallic connection under the seas of the world, the average cost of which has been about a thousand dollars a mile. A quarter of a billion is a great sum of money, yet it is a small price to pay for communication between continents which send to each other an estimated total of six million messages a year.

Young men who are wondering what opportunity the world holds out to them when they leave college may be interested in some figures given in the latest published report of the United States Commissioner of Education. The commissioner says that since 1890 there have been created an average of about a thousand new college professorships every year, and more than thirteen hundred new positions in the high schools and academies. Thus about twenty-three hundred new teachers have to be found annually, without making any allowance for the retirement of many hundreds of others on account of age or other disability. It is apparent that the man who wishes to live the scholarly life has ample opportunity in these days of popular education.

By those who have watched the rapid growth of the colleges and universities fears are often expressed that personal contact between president and students, between professors and pupils, will be lost, if it has not been lost already; and that so the best part of a college education will be forfeited. The definite charge, by a writer in a recent number of the Outlook, that in one college at least this condition has already come to pass, brought out some interesting correspondence. One woman mentions a professor who not only knew all "his boys" while they were under his instruction and helped them by personal advice and friendly social intercourse, but has kept in touch with every one of them since they were graduated.

Once a year he sends them all a letter, and nearly all of them reply. The atmosphere is almost like that of one great family. The misfortune of one is the concern of all, and all help to repair it. Other correspondents cite other colleges and other men to show that intercourse between faculty and students is growing more intimate instead of more remote; and no one has considered it necessary to cite—for every one knows—the definite system which most of the colleges have for bringing all the students under the direct personal influence of some of the professors or other instructors. Candid graduates of forty or fifty years ago, if they are familiar with present college conditions; nearly always admit that the relations to-day are simpler and more familiar. The old-time professor, however beneficent his influence, was too often a man of austere dignity, which made him unapproachable. His modern representative may be regarded with less awe, but not with less affection. One thing must be remembered: It takes two to form a friendship as well as to make a quarrel. The student must meet advances half-way. If he does, there is little danger in any college, large or small, that he will go through the course friendless or without the helpful influence of close contact and acquaintance with "praeses et professores."

At intervals of a few years we hear that England is scraping the bottom of her coal mines and that in a relatively short time her fuel supply will be exhausted and she will have to go out of the manufacturing business. Still, England continues to mine coal in sufficient quantity for her needs. Lately, however, the prophets have been insistent in their auguries of woe, and they have asserted that this time there can be no mistake. The exhaustion of the English coal supply is in sight. Providence appears still to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, however, for coincident with these gloomy outgivings comes the statement that new coal beds have been discovered near Dover whose value is money is estimated at \$5,000,000,000. Leading geologists say that the discovery is the most important since the Norman conquest. Thus England is granted a respite. Her manufactures will not become extinct for lack of fuel—not for a while, at least. Still, the prophets of evil continue to prophesy. They calculate that not only the coal supply of England but of the whole world must within a certain time be exhausted and they demand to know what will become of humanity then. The question is interesting, but hardly of contemporary importance. The anxious ones concede that there will be years to come and we may justly assume that we shall not be personally interested in occurrences that far in the future. But even if we expected to live until all the coal and wood had been burned we should still decline to be alarmed at the prospect. We have great faith in the resources of the human intellect. Poe said that the ingenuity of man could not devise a cipher or cryptograph which the ingenuity of man could not solve. We hold the same opinion with respect to any emergency that may confront the human race. Man rises to the necessities of his existence. When the fuel that we now have is exhausted substitutes will be found for it. The resources of nature are infinite and they are at the disposal of men acute enough to utilize them. The harnessing of the tides alone would produce enough power transformable into heat to supply all humanity ten times over. That is only one resource; there are a dozen others.

Millionaire Boy.
Mouammar Bey, son of the richest man in all Turkey, who will be heir to more millions than any other person in the Ottoman Empire, save the heir of the sultan, is in Boston on business, and before he leaves the business men will have something like a cool half million of his money, while he will have tons of Boston's most improved shoe and cotton machinery.

There is nothing about this sleek-appearing man of 35 years, with his round figure, to indicate that he is to be at some time in the future the richest man in his native land. He is just as democratic as any of this country's wealthy men, and one wouldn't have to make a very big stretch of imagination to pick him out as an American.

Mouammar Bey, unlike most of his fellow countrymen, is highly educated, and instead of wasting his father's vast wealth by riotous living he has mastered the many great industries that his father controls, and is adding to the fortune. Those who have come in contact with him say that he is as keen as the proverbial Yankee business man.—Boston Post.

Identity Marks.
They were riding through Indiana. "That man across there is from St. Louis," said the observer. "How do you know?" asked the drummer. "He constantly looks in the mirror to see if his face is dirty." The drummer looked around a bit, and tapped the observer upon the shoulder. "There's a man from Pittsburg," he said, indicating a passenger two seats behind. "His face actually is dirty."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Started in for Himself.
Acquaintance—Were you ever bunched?
Skinflint—Was I? Why, I was bunched so many times that it taught me the game.—Detroit Free Press.

Popular Science.

There exists a stone which it is said unfailingly foretells changes in the weather. This stone was found in Finland many years ago by an explorer, and has since been watched by scientists with great interest. It presents a white, mottled appearance in sunshine, gradually turning from gray to black as a rainstorm approaches. The stone is composed of clay, silt and rock salt. In dry weather the salt in the stone is prominent, but when the air is filled with moisture the salt absorbs the moisture and turns black, thus forming the barometer.

At Strasburg, Germany, a dental clinic has been opened at the university for the treatment of school children. Hither all the school children are sent, in order, by their teachers. Each child is quickly examined, as many as eighty children being dealt with in an hour, and nearly 800 a day, by a single doctor. Teaching goes hand in hand with treatment. The doctor tells the child how to use a tooth brush, sees that he uses one, and sends him home to practice with it. The movement is spreading. In Wiesbaden and Mulhausen school dental clinics are to be erected.

Among the natural curiosities discovered by the Belgian exploring expedition in the country lying between the basins of the Congo and the Nile was a wild fig-tree—Figulus du diable—which, having by the chance of the winds had its birth on the summit of an enormous rock of granite, and finding no nourishment for its expanding roots near by, sent one long root in search of soil down the face of the rock until it reached the rich earth at the bottom. There it buried itself in the ground, and thus established a chain of life for the dependent plant above.

Fluid resins or oils from several different trees are extensively used in the Philippines as varnishes. One of them, called oil of supa, is a pale yellow liquid when fresh, but it becomes dark and viscous after contact with the air. Spread in a thin layer, it dries slowly and forms a hard varnish. It is also capable of being burned in a lamp. Another natural varnish is bala, also called oil of apitong. It is white when fresh, but darkens after exposure, and makes a very tough varnish. Oil of pango is a third variety. Inferior to the others in its drying properties. Chemical analysis has shown that all these wood oils consist entirely of hydrocarbons known as sesquiterpenes.

Many of the scientific journals in Europe lately have given attention to a curious discovery reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences by Professor Bouchard. This discovery is that under the action of the X-rays gray hair, on the head and face of a patient treated for lupus, gradually assumed its natural color, and retained it with surprising tenacity. But only the hair directly reached by the rays was thus affected, and it is pointed out that it would be dangerous to employ such a method to restore the color of a person's hair. The fact is regarded as interesting in itself, but should not be accepted as a basis for the operations and claims of quacks. Professor Bouchard said that he did not wish to base any practical conclusions upon it.

Dr. Gutnick of the Royal Observatory at Berlin has recently announced the result of his photometric studies of six of the principal satellites of Saturn. He confirms the previous conclusions of other observers that several, and perhaps all, of these satellites have like our own moon in keeping always the same side toward the planet round which they revolve. In regard to the satellite named Tethys, he offers an interesting hypothesis to account for its very marked changes of luminosity. His idea is that Tethys possesses the form of a long ellipsoid, the two principal axes of which are to one another in the ratio of five to two. It will be remembered that a similar suggestion has been made concerning the shape of the asteroid Eros, which likewise exhibits great variations of light, according to its position in its orbit about the sun.

All the ingenuity that has been employed in the past few years in the invention of submarine boats would be wasted but for the means that have been found to bestow upon the submerged vessel, or upon those who navigate it, the ability to see what is going on upon the surface of the water. These means are simple in principle, as they depend only upon the reflection and conduction of light, but almost every nation has its own methods of supplying "eyes" to its submarine war-boats, and the details are kept more or less secret. Universally, the apparatus comprises a tube rising above the water, and carrying reflecting surfaces by which the images of ships and other objects above are carried to the watchful eyes beneath. Mirrors have usually been employed, but the French navy has substituted for them total-reflection prisms. To vary the length of the tube, so that its upper end may be always above the waves, an apparatus operated by a little electric motor is employed in the latest models.

The Modern Grain Elevator.
It is a Group of Enormous Tanks Made of Hollow Tilting. There has been a revolution in grain elevator construction in recent years. In the familiar tall red structure which is a common accessory of the western

landscape the grain bins and machinery were in the same building. Nowadays, according to Insurance Engineering, the practice is to put the machinery in a separate building and store the grain in large tanks connected with the machinery building by belt conveyors. There is little doubt that the old-fashioned wooden grain elevator with all its objectionable features is a thing of the past.

In the modern grain tank of hollow terra cotta tile, built circular in shape, the walls consist of blocks six inches in thickness and eight inches in height, furred on the outside with tiles two inches in thickness and twelve inches in height (the furring tiles overlapping the smaller blocks), making a wall eight inches in thickness, the whole being reinforced by pairs of steel tension bands running through the walls at frequent intervals.

The steel tension bands are imbedded in a cement grouting and the outside furring is applied with a cement mortar. The foundation walls and base are built of concrete. One of these new elevators has a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels, and consists of twenty-four tanks, twenty-four feet in diameter (inside) and 100 feet in height, with a steel operating house at one end, forty-two by seventy feet, containing all the machinery for filling and emptying the tanks. There is nothing in the construction of this plant to burn. All the machinery is driven by electricity from an adjacent public generating station.

A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

The first cruise of the sailor Theodor Bailey was in 1818, on board the "Cyane," which captured several slave-trading ships off the coast of Africa at the time when the government of the United States was endeavoring to put an end to the slave trade.



After the close of the war, Bailey happened to arrive opportunely in Panama during the riots of the middle fifties, and at once took steps to suppress them, which proved satisfactory alike to both the government and the citizens.

The most important service of Capt. Bailey during the Civil War was given while he was second in command of the fleet of Farragut. Farragut sent Bailey to demand the surrender of New Orleans. He passed through the streets in the midst of a howling mob, which threatened him and his companions with drawn pistols. In his official report to Washington Admiral Farragut commended the gallantry and bravery of Bailey and sent him to Washington with the official reports. He was promoted commodore after the capture of New Orleans in token of appreciation by the government.

Middle-Aged Marriage.
The marrying age is steadily receding, and it is quite within the range of probability that 41 will be regarded in the future as the equivalent of the present 21.

This is partly due to the keenness of the struggle for existence; a man desires to attain a position before marrying, and he finds the years slipping by with disturbing rapidity while he is climbing the ladder.

Both men and women, too, fear that they may be deceived and may enter into partnership with one who will turn out to be undesirable.

So they will spend the earlier years and then the glamour of this single life will wear off. They will have gained experience enough to enable them to judge character with fair accuracy, and then will thus be less fearful of being "taken in."

They will feel that after all, it is better to settle down with a partner. And then marriage will come in middle age. The love making will not be the same, but it may well be a more solid fire—quieter, but more enduring.—I. adelphi Bulletin.

Denatured Fireworks.
"Have you any fireworks suitable for small children?" asked the young mother. The dealer replied cheerfully and confidently that he had.

"We have some splendid firecrackers, Roman candles and all such things," he said.

"But I am afraid my little boy is not old enough for them."

"Then here are some pinwheels and—"

"Oh, the very thing! Have you some safety pinwheels? My little boy is not yet three years old."

Waiting to Hear.
Mrs. Gassitt—My sister Maud told me something to-day I've promised never to tell.
Mr. Gassitt—Well, go on. I'm listening.—Judge.

TRIVMPH of WOMEN in MEN'S WORK

Some who have achieved distinction in phases of industry formerly monopolized by the sterner sex

There was never a time in the history of the earth when the door of opportunity to the technical branches of the world's work was so invitingly held open to women as it is to-day. That the gentler sex in the United States is taking advantage of this enlarged sphere of her activity is very plainly shown in the figures of the last census.

Census reports are generally regarded as a useful but uninteresting accumulation of facts, but while this is true, they render no slight service in estimating the value of important movements. According to the census of 1900 there are 805 "gainful occupations" in this country, and of that number women were found in 297, leaving only eight in which, at the time the census was taken, they were not engaged.

To enumerate these occupations in which woman is not found is to argue that she has succeeded in getting into nearly all. There are, for instance, no women soldiers, sailors or marines. Perhaps if the law was not explicit women might be found navigating a battleship or fighting a submarine. But the law she had no hand in framing says "No." When women are given the right to vote there may be another story to tell. Then, there are no women firemen in any of the municipal departments, no women street car drivers, no women "helpers to brassworkers" nor "helpers to steam boiler makers" nor "apprentices and helpers to roofers and slaters."

It should be noted that in the three classes last named women thus far have only refrained from engaging as helpers or apprentices, though they are found as brassworkers, steam boiler makers and as roofers. A Delaware town has its woman horsehoof, and women machinists are by no means unknown. Of the 28,000,000 women more

than ten years of age in the country at the taking of the last census more than 20 per cent, or 5,319,397, were engaged in "gainful occupations." This means that one and a quarter millions of women in excess of the number in 1890 were working at various trades and occupations. During the decade the number of women had increased from 23,000,000 in 1890 to 28,246,000 in 1900.

One of the most notable increases in the number of workers in any single occupation is found in that of the stenographer. In 1890 there were 21,270 women thus employed. In 1900 there were 86,118, or a 200 per cent increase in a decade. If the increase has been maintained at the same ratio there must be now about 189,000 women stenographers in the country; or, if only the annual average increase has been maintained, there are now about 125,000 women playing on the keys of typewriters in various offices in the United States.

As has been shown by the census figures, women are pushing ahead into almost every "gainful occupation," even into those trades and occupations which it had been believed were exclusively man's heritage. There never was so vain a dream, it appears, as that which pictured any "gainful occupation" in which women may not enter. For instance, in 1900 there were two women "motormen," and there probably will be more when the next census is taken.

Women in general do not succeed in many occupations any better than men do, but the percentage of success may be said to be greater in certain fields. One reason for the triumph of the modern woman in the field of man's work is to be found in the care she usually takes to fit herself for her chosen occupation, and the seriousness with which she takes herself leads to a determination to succeed that simply compels success.

and may be seen as an ornamental tree in Europe. The best gum comes from the foot of the tree in the hottest weather of summer. The art of bleeding the trees has been carefully cultivated, as well as that of preparing and coloring the lacquer. Finely pulverized mineral salts, as well as carbon, gold and silver, are employed in producing polychromatic effects.

A correspondent of the London Times calls attention to the need of an automatic recording speed-indicator for railway trains. Both of the most recent important fatal railway casualties in England were undoubtedly caused by excessive speed at points where the regulations required a slowing down. Engine drivers become reckless and disregard rules, safely at first, but ultimately meet with disaster. If the record of speed during each trip were to be submitted to inspection, there would be less disobedience, and greater safety. Possibly the recording speed indicator has been invented, but it appears not to be in use anywhere.

MINISTER ELECTED GOVERNOR.

The Rev. H. A. Buchtel, who was chosen Governor of Colorado, is chancellor of the University of Denver. He has held charges in various cities of Indiana, his native State, before he went to Denver.



Dr. Buchtel is 52, a doctor of laws and of divinity, who is at the head of an institution which is educating 1,200 students. Before that was a Methodist preacher and an earlier experience was that of missionary to Bulgaria. He built Trinity Church in Denver, one of the largest in the West, and took charge of the university when it was struggling for existence. He has rehabilitated it. There is a general belief that he can rehabilitate the State government. He accepted the governorship as he would a "call" in the church.

"I stand for the new deal—the square deal," says he. "What Colorado needs to-day is not a fighter but a fugleman. I believe in big things. Here in Colorado we breathe the deepest breaths of the purest, most invigorating air tonic there is. We are building big men, big in body and brain. What we most need now is constructive work, the building up of our commonwealth. This is possible even after all our strife. The war is over and peace 'cometh in the morning.'"

Sample of "Cash Ad."
Notice—Whereas my wife, Anna, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, I hereby warn all persons against trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting.—B. D. Castellane.—Adv.

tf.—Buffalo News.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG MAN.

Girl Tried to Keep Conversation on High Intellectual Plane.

The late Maurice Barrymore told a capital story one evening. It has gone the rounds more or less since then, but I have never seen it in print:

"A society bud goes to her first big party. It is a gorgeous social event, and she is all fluttering with excitement. The star of this big party is a young man recently returned from a long trip abroad after completing his course at Harvard. He is very handsome, very brilliant, very rich. All the young women are overwhelmingly interested. The brilliant young man meets the little debutante, and falls head over heels in love. He dances with her repeatedly, and then asks if he may call. The girl, very much agitated, says that she will ask her mamma. Mother, equally agitated, tells her daughter to say that they will be delighted to have him call; and he says that he will drop in on the following Thursday evening. The society bud goes home, her head whirling with the excitement of her first flirtation and the anticipation of a call from the real catch of the season. Next day she seeks out some of her girl friends.

"Just think, he's coming to call next Thursday evening," she says. "Oh, my, what'll I say to him when he calls? He is so smart and intellectual; graduated at Harvard and traveled abroad and all that. I just know I won't be able to talk about the things that interest him. What do you think he'll want to talk about?"

"I dare say," replied her friend, "that he will want to talk about literature, art, or history."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Why don't you read up? You have four days, and you can do a lot of reading in that time."

"So the young woman read history for four days, so that she might be able to carry on a conversation with the intellectual giant from Harvard, who had traveled abroad. Thursday evening came. He arrived and was shown into the parlor. Evidently she came down. He arose and took her by the hand and began to talk to her as follows:

"Gee, but I'm glad to see you again, and say, you're lookin' fine tonight. That gown is a corker. How have you been since the dance? Didn't we have a great time? Say, I never enjoyed myself so much in my life. You're the greatest partner I ever danced with. When it comes to two-stepping you're the sure enough limit. Honestly, you are. I'm not stringin' you. I have been thinkin' all week about comin' up here tonight, and you don't know how tickled I am to see you lookin' so well."

"For ten minutes he gabbled on. She leaned back in her chair, calm and self-possessed, determined that this intellectual being should not be compelled to bring the conversation down to her level.

"Finally there was a lull, and she looked across at him and said: 'Wasn't that too bad about Mary, Queen of Scots?'"

"The young man was startled. 'Why, what do you mean?' he asked.

"Haven't you heard about it?' she exclaimed. 'Why, gracious me! She had her head cut off!'"—George Ade, in Success Magazine.

Our "Indian Accent."
Every little while some English writer appears with the theory that the physique of Americans is becoming assimilated to that of the aborigines. It is a philologist, End Campbell Danvers, who now uses this theory to account for the peculiarities of American speech as "due to a particular formation of the palate, peculiar originally to the American Indians, but now shared by the invaders." That this is nonsense appears from the fact that Americans taken in childhood to England speak with an English accent. There can be no question as to the marked divergence of English and American speech, particularly in the matter of intonation. American speech is much more monotonous and less spontaneous, the regular fall of the voice at the close of sentences being perhaps bookish rather than conversational. Thus American speech, among the cultivated, is apt to be simple, even and logical, like a page of print, while English speech is much more varied and expressive in its cadences.—Springfield Republican.

Dead On to Them.
A statesman, in an argument, had turned the tables rather neatly on his opponent. Senator Dolliver, in congratulation, said:

"You remind me of a Fort Dodge doctor Dr. X—. This gentleman once had a grave dug for a patient, supposed to be dying, who afterward recovered, and over this error of judgment the doctor was joked for many years.

"Once he attended, in consultation with three conferees, another patient. The patient really died. After death, as the physicians discussed the case together, one of them said:

"'Since quick burial is necessary, we might inter the body temporarily. I understand our brother here has a vacant grave on hand.'"

"Dr. X— smiled.

"'Yes,' he said. 'I believe I am the only physician present whose graves are not all filled.'"

The lawyers talk of the Majesty of the Law. A sign painter might talk with equal sense and truth of the Majesty of Sign Painting.

Scrofula

Few are entirely free from it. It may develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during the whole period of childhood. It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before causing eruptions, sores or swellings. To get entirely rid of it take the great blood-purifier.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

In usual liquid form or in chocolate tablets known as Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.



MULETEAM BORAX

In the Laundry Will Sterilize the Clothing, Act as an Antiseptic and Prevent Odor from Perspiration.

Pittsburg, with its crop of murders and robberies increasing to a pass where it is likened to a frontier town, continues to make bids for recognition as a metropolis.—New York World.

Always to be Depended Upon. When a person gets up in the morning with a dull headache and a tired, stretchy feeling, it is an almost certain indication that the liver, or bowels, or both, are decidedly out of order.

At such times Nature, the wisest and best of all doctors, takes this means to give warning that she needs the help and gentle assistance which can best be obtained from that old family remedy, Brandreth's Pills, which has been in use for over a century.

They are the same fine laxative tonic pill your grandparents used, when doctors were few and far between and when people had to have a remedy that could absolutely be depended upon.

Brandreth's Pills can be depended upon and are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The list of world's fair cities lengthens almost daily. Dublin was one of the latest additions. Now Seattle is placed upon it. One of these days Panama or Colon will be added, with a unique attraction.—New York Tribune.

Automobiles cannot be operated without good roads. And the clamor for good roads that will arise as soon as they come into general use will result in a system of highways in every State comparable to those of European countries.—New York American.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to give their children during the teething period.

There is some truth in what Gorky says about New York, but it is hardly worth diving into the slush to get it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The desire of the south to get a large share of the immigrants who are flocking to this country by the million is appreciated and reciprocated by the North. Nothing would please New York and New Jersey better than for half of those who now settle right here to go to the other side of Mason and Dixon's line.—New York Tribune.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

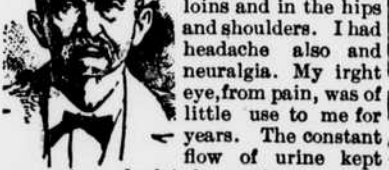
Was that sensational and circumstantial story about a Japanese spy sketching fortifications at Manila a sheer invention of some anti-Japanese propagandist? It looks like it, seeing that no such sketches were made, no such Japanese existed and there was no such arrest.—New York Tribune.

UTTERLY WORN OUT

Vitality Sapped by Years of Suffering With Kidney Trouble.

Capt. J. W. Hogan, former postmaster of Indianapolis, now living at Austin, Texas, writes: "I was afflicted for years with pains across the loins and in the hips and shoulders. I had headache, also, and neuralgia. My right eye, from pain, was of little use to me for years. The constant flow of urine kept my system depleted, causing nervous chills and night sweats. After trying seven different climates and using all kinds of medicine I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy has cured me. I am as well today as I was twenty years ago, and my eyesight is perfect."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Howell—Did that fellow who wanted you to invest have a sure thing, as he claimed? Powell—Yes; I was it.—Judge.

Friend—If you love Miss Gotrox, old man, why don't you marry her? Bachelor Doctor—Heavens! man, she is one of my best patients!—Judge.

Effie—But, papa, how do you know that it was a stark that brought us the new baby? Papa—Because, my dear, I just saw his bill!—Woman's Home Companion.

It would be easier to be content with little if nobody had any more.—Life.

Visitor—What are you doing here, my poor man? Convict—Time, mum.—Baltimore American.

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "excuses no one." "That being the case," rejoined the prisoner, "it's a wonder the jury didn't find my lawyer guilty."—Chicago Daily News.

"Our imitation is really considerably better than the real thing." "You don't say! Then hadn't we better begin cautioning the public to beware of the genuine?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She—Were you ever in a street car accident? He—Yes. The car was completely wrecked, but the passengers were packed so tight that only the outside layers were injured.—Chicago News.

"Let me see," said she, "what is it you call these men who run automobiles?" "Pardon me," replied the gallant man. "I'm too much of a gentleman to tell you what I call them."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Slowly is about discouraged. He's been waiting ten years for a promotion and hasn't got it yet." "That's the trouble. If he'd worked more and waited less he'd have had it long ago."—Detroit Free Press.

"What a wonderful vocabulary the new minister has," said Mrs. Oldcastle. "Yes," replied her hostess. "It's almost as big as Josiah's Uncle William's was, only his turned into a goitre, at last."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I wonder," said the man who was given to thought at times, "I wonder what is meant by the 'embarrassment of riches'?" "The poor relation, very likely," replied the man who was one.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Dashaway—I want you to meet Miss Hopper. Stunning girl. Just back from Europe. Cleverest—Her first visit? "Yes." "Well, old man, if it's the same to you, I'll wait until she's gotten through telling about it."—Life.

"Wait a minute till I get my clothes off!" came a shrill voice from the back end of the cable car. All the strap-holders turned their heads as one man. It was a small boy striving to drag off the hamper containing his mother's washing.—Judge.

Mother (who has been asked to suggest a game for a rainy afternoon)—Why don't you pretend you are me? And George can be daddy. Then you might play at housekeeping. Daughter—But, mother, we've quarreled once already!—Punch.

"That's all right, sis," answered Tommy. "I could see that you were only playing telephone. He was ringing you up—oh, you needn't hide your left hand behind you—but he had his lips entirely too close to the receiver."—Chicago Tribune.

"Can't you find any work at all?" asked the kind lady of Frayed Franklin. "Plenty, mum. But everybody wants references from me last employer." "Can't you get them?" "No, mum. He's been dead 28 years."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"You don't realize that there are other considerations in life than money," said the censorious friend. "Yes, I do," answered Senator Sorghum. "But whenever I want anything done I can't get the other fellow to realize it."—Washington Star.

"Oh, lady, I do love peach cake," hinted the hungry hobo as he rested his greasy sleeve on the gatepost. "Well," replied the housewife with the rolling pin, "suppose I should make you some peach cake. Would you do any work?" "Would I, mum? Why, I would do the hardest work I ever did in my life." "And what would you do?" "Why, I'd climb dat tree and get enough peaches fer de cake."—Chicago Daily News.

A Mexican Philanthropist.

Pedro Alvarado, of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, the owner of very profitable mining properties, proposes to distribute \$10,000,000 among the Mexican poor. He has also offered to pay off the Mexican government debt. This offer has been declined on the part of the government in the fear that it was not altogether inspired by a patriotic desire to relieve the Mexican taxpayers.

Alvarado seems to be pushing ahead of Andrew Carnegie in the practical application of his own philosophy by taking good care that he will not die rich. He could hardly have hit upon a scheme of more widespread beneficence than the payment of the public debt of his country. This project ought to be brought to the attention of Mrs. Russell Sage, who seems to be finding great difficulty in so disposing of her vast fortune as to do the greatest amount of good.—Philadelphia Record.

OUR CLOTHES ARE MERCIFUL.

They Hide Our Ugliness and Physical Shortcomings.

Now, what's the consequence of the present universal lack of exercise? Mind you, I am not suggesting that somebody get up an actual Un-beauty show, but surely Mr. Comstock will not object if in our mind's eye we imagine all the men we know standing on pedestals and posing as the Apollo Belvidere, and all the women we know as the Venus de Medici. I think it would be right funny. Such wizened skininess! Such shapeless bagginess!

"Oh, but," you protest, "we can't all be Apollos, and Venuses." We aren't, if that's what you mean, but I'm not so sure that we couldn't be if we had been treated right.

Why aren't we all handsome, then? The main reason is that not one mother in a thousand knows her trade. An old Irishwoman, who raised five fine, big, strapping, honest sons, said to me one day:

"The Lord forgive me for speakin' disrespectful of Him, but I declare to you I donno what He's thinkin' of whin he gives some women childer."

And that's about so. The doctors tell us that 90 per cent of our troubles we may blame our mothers for. And yet they're not so much to blame, either. The only way they had of getting a living was catching a husband. Once caught they had him for life. The catching was the main thing.

Ignorant they may be of their trade as mothers, and some say they are ignorant of the art and craft of catching husbands.

The start a wise mother can give is a lot, but it isn't everything. It just about takes our time scuffling around for food and clothing and shelter.—Woman's Home Companion.

CONVINCING THE ARABS.

It is hard to make a nomadic Arab believe that a white man can by any possibility know anything about the desert—especially so to persuade him that the lines and letters on the traveler's map convey any accurate information which will guide him on his way. Interpretation of these mystic symbols, says the biographer of Henry Clay Trumbull, gained that famous mission worker something of the reputation of a magician when he went to find Kadesh-Barnea, the place where the people of Israel rebelled against Moses.

"Ayn Qadees was the modern name of the place he sought. When he asked his Arabs if they could lead him thither, they steadfastly maintained that they had never heard of it."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Trumbull, knowing what pride the Bedouin has in his knowledge of the desert, "the trouble is you don't know your own country as well as I know it. We ought to change places. You give me bakshish and I will show you the country."

"To-morrow morning we will go to 'Ayn Mowayleh. We will go past that. Then we will turn off from the track to the right. We will go down that way about one hour. There we will find one, two, three wells. Beyond them will be flags and rushes growing. Then a little farther on we shall find more wells. That is Qadees. You don't know it, but I do. Give me bakshish and I'll show it to you."

There was consternation among the Arabs. They discussed the matter excitedly. Their spokesman came.

"Mr. Tromboul," he said, "I tell you now the true, honor bright. They tell me true now on the Koran. They know that place you tell them, but they no call it that name. They no call that Qadees. They call it Qasaymeh."

It flashed across Mr. Trumbull's mind that Bartlett, who had preceded him and whose map he was following, had been deceived by the Arabs.

"Very well," he said. "But do they know where Qadees is if this is not it?" The spokesman knew—yes, indeed. What is more, he knew there was no use wasting time trying to fool a man who could describe the desert paths as this one could; so forthwith they turned from the main road, and over a most difficult trail made their way to a place which, it was evident at a glance, was what Mr. Trumbull sought, the place of the Fountain of Judgment.

Two brothers, aged 9 and 10, respectively, pupils in a public school of Washington, were recently absent for a period of two weeks. When the elder of the boys returned to his class he brought a note from his father stating that the cause of the absence of his children was illness.

"Where's your brother, Dick?" asked the teacher. "Is he still sick?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the pupil, "he's still in bed with a broken arm."

"I'm sorry to hear it. How did it happen?"

"Well, it was this way, ma'am. You see, Dick and I were trying to see which could lean out of the second-story window the furthest, and Dick won."—Evening Wisconsin.

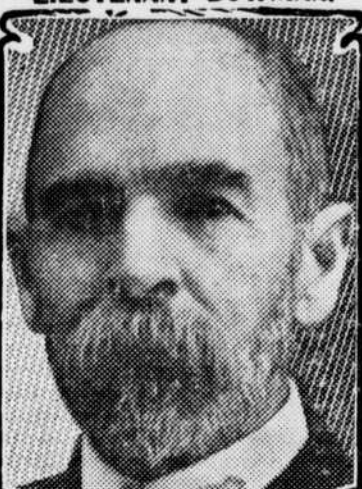
Mean Fellow.

"Of course, John," said his wife, "I'm obliged to you for this money, but it isn't enough to buy a real fur coat that—"

"Well," interrupted the brutal husband, "you'll have to make it go as far as you can."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

An author's brightness isn't always due to the burning of midnight oil.

LIEUTENANT BOWMAN.



IN FORTY-EIGHT HOURS PE-RU-NA CURED HIM.

Cold Affected Head and Throat—Attack Was Severe

Chas. W. Bowman, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th M. S. M. Cav. Vols., writes from Lanham, Md., as follows:

"Though somewhat averse to patent medicines, and still more averse to becoming a professional affidavit man, it seems only a plain duty in the present instance to add my experience to the columns already written concerning the curative powers of Peruna."

"I have been particularly benefited by its use for colds in the head and throat. I have been able to fully cure myself of a most severe attack in forty-eight hours by its use according to directions. I use it as a preventive whenever threatened with an attack."

"Members of my family also use it for like ailments. We are recommending it to our friends."

—Chas. W. Bowman.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Peruna Almanac for 1907

SURPRISES THE POET GRAY.

Success of the "Elegy" Overpowering to the Famous Author.

Priced originally at 12 cents, a modest pamphlet of a few leaves was sold recently in London for the record price of \$500. It was a copy of the first edition of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Whether Byron on that morning when he awoke and found himself famous was astonished is not on record, but that Thomas Gray was utterly bewildered by the success which attended the publication of his "Elegy" is as certainly true as that the fact is generally forgotten. Published in the shape of a slim pamphlet, it ran through four editions in two months and six other editions speedily followed. Ere the poem was ten years old it had been reprinted in several collections of verse in numerous magazines and twice translated into Latin.

All this amazed the author beyond measure, and when the Scottish poet Beattie sought his permission to prepare an edition for the northern kingdom he in giving his consent warned him of the risk the publisher would take, for a London book seller had "glutted the town" with two editions of 1,500 and 750 copies. Beattie and the Scottish publisher went their way, however, and the edition sold so quickly that Gray was embarrassed by an offer of a present of books in recompense for his consent. "I cannot figure to myself," he wrote, "how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present."

He never accepted any cash payment for his poems. He held it was beneath his dignity as a gentleman to barter his writings for money, and of course the publishers were glad to oblige him by respecting such a convenient scruple.

To one of those publishers, Dodsley, this meant a comfortable profit of \$5,000 from the "Elegy" alone.

Gray's modest opinion of the "Elegy" was not affected; it was the consistent result of his sensitive, reclusive nature. As a matter of fact he was not even responsible for the publication of the poem. Eight years elapsed between its inception and its completion and yet even that protracted travail did not create a just conception of its merits on the author's part. When the last verse was written he sent a copy to Horace Walpole with the remark that he had "put an end" to "a thing" of which his correspondent had long ago seen the beginning, adding: "You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it, a merit that most of my writings have wanted and are like to want."

Haste Necessary.

"Howdy!" said the busy man. "Will you marry me?"

"Why-er this is so sudden," she gasped. "I must have time—"

"Say, don't keep me waiting too long or I won't have enough money left to buy the ring. I came in an auto cab and they charge by the minute."—Philadelphia Press.

When a woman says she tells her husband everything, you may believe just half.

Kaiser Wilhelm calls his chauffeur "oberwagenfuhrer." He doesn't call him often.

OFFICE BOY PHILOSOPHY.



De fellows wot 're always knockin' the boss are de soreheads wot wasn't good enough fer his job.

A job by an' ad is wolt two in de employment agency.

Wen I sees a dub go in ter see de boss an' his breat smells like a barrel house, I lets de outside door open so's he kin get out quicker.

It's a lead pipe cinch dat de guy wot begins to watch de hands of de clock at ten in de mornin' an' tree in de afternoon ain't goin' ter find no raise in his envelope at de beginnin' of de year.

De tinfohn sports wot spends most of deir time at de little brains dey got on de cut o' deir pants, don't have none left fer deir work.

De keyboard dancer wot has lots of time fer her buxious hair and winks her jaws overtime on gum is generally lookin' fer a "position"; she's too good ter have a real "job."

Somehow does fellows wot don't jaw about wot dey did an' wot dey're goin' ter do, but keeps a pluggin' at wot dey got ter do, soon gets a private office o' deyre own.

De guy wot works de hardest wen de boss's around 'll always have a boss ter watchin' fer.

De feller wot stands high wit' de pencherino ufer tylist don't stand deuce high wit' de boss.

The gent wot said, "Yet can't work fer two bosses at de same time," was wise ter his job, 'cause generally yet gets de can from bot'.

VAST SUM SENT BY RAIL.

Postoffice Department Saved Thousands at Expense of the Treasury.

Some years ago the Treasury Department desired to transport \$25,000,000 in gold from the subtreasury in San Francisco to the subtreasury in New York. The way they did it was simple. They sent a treasury postal frank to the postmaster at San Francisco, told him to stick it on to the \$25,000,000 in gold and deliver it in New York. This that unfortunate official under the law was obliged to do. No further effort or worry on the part of the Treasury Department was necessary.

Incredible as it may seem, the postmaster at San Francisco carted the \$25,000,000 in gold under armed guard to the Southern Pacific Railway station. There it was loaded on a special train, each car of which was equipped with guards heavily armed. This train was then sent across the continent by a circuitous route and with all information concerning its route and time sedulously concealed from the newspapers in order to avoid the danger of an attack from highwaymen. After a certain number of days this train arrived at Jersey City.

The boxes containing the \$25,000,000 in gold were taken across on the ferries, and New Yorkers were mystified by the extraordinary spectacle of many vehicles loaded with boxes upon which were perched guards with rifles and pistols. This procession finally ended at the subtreasury, where the Postoffice Department was released from the custody of the coin by the receipt of the Treasury Department.

The little bit of treasury transportation cost the Postoffice Department many thousands of dollars and cost the Treasury Department nothing at all.—San Francisco Argonaut.

OUR FIRST LAW SCHOOL.

The humble structure in the picture was the first law school in the country. It was situated at Litchfield, Conn., and was established in 1784 by Judge Tapping Reeve. It was in existence for half a century, and in that time it had about 1,000 pupils, some from all of the thirteen original States. Among its pupils were sixteen senators, fifty representatives, forty judges, ten governors, five cabinet officials and two vice presidents, one of whom was John C. Calhoun.

Pie and Piety.

A well known Episcopal bishop, while traveling through his diocese, was entertained by a New England woman famous for her good cooking. As the bishop was very fond of good things to eat, he partook freely of the delicious mince pie, which was made in his honor. Not long after, the bishop was taken suddenly ill, and seemed to be undergoing great mental as well as physical suffering. The woman went to him and said: "But, my dear bishop, surely so good a man as you cannot be afraid to die."

"Oh, no," the bishop replied; "not afraid to die, only ashamed to die."—Harper's Weekly.

Lower Birth Rate in England.

It is estimated that only about 75 per cent as many children are born in England now as were born thirty years ago.

A man isn't necessarily an artist because he draws the color line.

Well Started. The incident below—which Daniel Colt Gilman, LL. D., late president of Johns Hopkins University, has incorporated in his recently published sheaf of remembrances, "The Launching of a University and Other Papers"—could not happen at the present time, when each new institution of learning has its millionaire sponsor.

A gentleman, President Gilman says, once introduced himself to Dr. Day, then president of Yale, as chancellor of a western state university.

"How large a faculty have you?" President Day inquired, with genuine interest.

"Not any," answered the western gentleman.

"Have you any library or buildings?" "Not yet."

"Any endowment?" "None."

"What have you, then?" persisted President Day.

The visitor's countenance brightened. "We have a very good charter," said he.

For Industrial Education.

During the first public meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education at New York, Vice President Vanderlip of the National City Bank deplored the fact that American prominence in the world's industry, unlike Germany's, was not based upon the superior quality of the work produced. Germany's superiority in international commerce, he said, rests almost wholly in Germany's superior school system.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and that tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; also cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is not a rumbling sound, but an inflammation of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness caused by catarrh, if that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

European war experts think the United States would stand no show whatever with Japan. The same experts were of the opinion that Russia would crush Japan within three days after the opening of hostilities.

James Whitcomb Riley has decided he does not care to run a poet farm. He has quit the "Bear Wallow" project because it was advertised as a haven for disappointed authors.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

During the present American occupation of Cuba the government is to be conducted as if it were independent of the United States, although in point of fact it will be directed by the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. When Governor Magoo wishes to communicate with the bureau he will send his message to the Cuban Secretary of State, who in turn will forward it to the Cuban minister in Washington. The Cuban minister will hand it over to the American Secretary of State, and he in turn will deliver it to the Secretary of War. Finally, the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs will receive the document, reply to it and place it on file, properly marked. This roundabout process is adopted to keep the record straight, but there is a more direct method of communication in use, so that the Bureau knows what the message contains, and has an answer prepared before the formal document reaches it by way of "Robin Hood's barn."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

If the work of the Panama canal be prosecuted in the future with the same activity as in the last two or three weeks, it is not impossible that this generation may witness its completion.—Philadelphia Record.

J. Pierpont Morgan is reported as saying: "I find that I can do a year's work in nine months, but that I can't do twelve months' work in a year." Is this merely a bit of epigrammatic phrasing, or does he really mean it? If he is in earnest, does he allow that other men are much like himself and that most of them would do better work with three months' vacation in every twelve? A little elaboration of Mr. Morgan's remark by himself would be deeply interesting.

HOWARD E. BURTON, Assayer and Chemist, Leadville, Colorado. Specimen Prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1.00; Gold, Silver, Zinc, \$2.00; Zinc or Copper, \$1.00; Cyanide Tests, \$1.00. Envelopes and full price list sent on application. Control and Empire Work solicited. Reference: Carbonate National Bank.

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RHEUMATISM

CAN NOT BE RUBBED AWAY

It is perfectly natural to rub the spot that hurts, and when the muscles, nerves, joints and bones are throbbing and twitching with the pains of Rheumatism the sufferer is apt to turn to the liniment bottle, or some other external application, in an effort to get relief from the distress by producing counter-irritation on the flesh. Such treatment will quiet the pain temporarily, but can have no direct curative effect on the real disease because it does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Rheumatism is more than skin deep—it is rooted and grounded in the blood and can only be reached by constitutional treatment—IT CANNOT BE RUBBED AWAY. Rheumatism is due to an excess of uric acid in the blood, brought about by the accumulation in the system of refuse matter which the natural avenues of bodily waste, the Bowels and Kidneys, have failed to carry off. This refuse matter, coming in contact with the different acids of the body, forms uric acid which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body, and Rheumatism gets possession of the system. The aches and pains are only symptoms, and though they may be scattered or relieved for a time by surface treatment, they will reappear at the first exposure to cold or dampness, or after an attack of indigestion or other irregularity. Rheumatism can never be permanently cured while the circulation remains saturated with irritating, pain-producing uric acid poison. The disease will shift from muscle to muscle or joint to joint, settling on the nerves, causing inflammation and swelling and such terrible pains that the nervous system is often shattered, the health undermined, and perhaps the patient becomes deformed and crippled for life. S. S. S. thoroughly cleanses the blood and renovates the circulation by neutralizing the acids and expelling all foreign matter from the system. It warms and invigorates the blood so that instead of a weak, sour stream, constantly depositing acid and corrosive matter in the muscles, nerves, joints and bones, the body is fed and nourished by rich, health-sustaining blood which completely and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. is composed of both purifying and tonic properties—just what is needed in every case of Rheumatism. It contains no potash, alkali or other mineral ingredient, but is made entirely of purifying, healing extracts and juices of roots, herbs and barks. If you are suffering from Rheumatism do not waste valuable time trying to rub a blood disease away, but begin the use of S. S. S. and write us about your case and our physicians will give you any information or advice desired free of charge and will send our special treatise on Rheumatism.

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